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are either wounded or killed. The men's stories are very depressing; they are horribly tired, and their *morale* is low. Only the officers and N. C. O.'s are in good shape; their number is astonishing, considering the losses in men.

Aug. 10.—Drill this morning, after a cold night under canvas. It is a trifle in itself, but the endless annoyances, the threats of punishment for the smallest blunders make life unbearable. In presence of the haughty and independent attitude of the N. C. O.'s the men seem like mere ciphers, like a herd of cattle.

Aug. 11.—In a dug-out close to the front. Rumor that we are going to change our theater of operations. They say France.

The officers look splendid. They are gay and always making jokes. The men, on the other hand, march with their heads down, buried in their own thoughts, without speaking.

Aug. 12.—The action has begun; we are in reserve. I am tired, ill, wretched beyond words. I have an unhealthy longing for peace.

Aug. 13.—At 2 o'clock, forward. The Russian trenches are organized in a masterly manner. Troublesome fire from the enemy's artillery.

Yesterday evening a long talk about the war. Everybody is "fed up" with the war, and especially with the whole of the military régime.

It was 5 o'clock in the afternoon before we got anything to eat, for we had to march past before Prince Eitel Friedrich. The Prince looked well and seemed in good spirits. He might almost have been having a treat.

Aug. 14.—In action. . . . Awful fire. The regiment has lost about 170 men. "It is stupid to attack so strong a position," muttered Captain B—. All the same, that did not prevent him from firing on his own men.

Aug. 15.—In pursuit of the Russians.

Worn out by excitement and hunger. Exuberant cheerfulness of the officers. Colonel, major, captain, laugh boisterously. Their faces beaming, shining with fat. For us, hardships, dirt, hunger. . . . Long march until 5 o'clock. We halt in Russian trenches dug in the open country. Hardly have we settled in when shells rain on our heads. The Russians, as they retreat, dig these trenches to entice us into them, which gives them a fixed target.

. . . . The young soldiers are grossly treated by the old soldiers, who answer them in monosyllables and hardly deign to look at them. We are treated like criminals and worse. All of a sudden, for nothing, one is threatened with a beating. The commissioned ranks, from Major Stillfried downwards, set the example. Everybody is discouraged. Men of peaceful nature are crushed.

Passionate desire for peace, amounting to physical pain.

And why should one die? Why?

Aug. 18.—Spent the day in holes. Slept; nothing to eat. In the evening made a line of trenches joining up the shell holes. The German soldier has no personality; he is a machine, and that is what he is trained to be.

Aug. 25.—Started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Soon deployed in skirmishing order; moderate gun and rifle fire. Lieutenant Reinicke is never there when firing is going on. When the danger is over he rushes impetuously to the front. The whole company laughs at it. He is a grotesque sight. The section leaders grumble and are worried; they don't know what to do.

Aug. 28.— . . . At midday the color-sergeant of our company hit a soldier of the active army with a stick.

Aug. 29.—As soon as the attack opened, the officer commanding the company, Lieutenant Reinicke, stayed behind, and nothing more was seen of him; not only so, but the section leaders and the non-commissioned officers stayed behind. The sections and groups advanced without leaders. Indescribable jumble. We had heavy losses, but one no longer notices them.

Aug. 31.—Our leaders yesterday remarked, "You shall have something to eat when you have taken the trench."

Sept. 1.—We are worn out. Marches.

Sept. 5.—Food absolutely insufficient. . . . The old soldiers and non-commissioned officers stick to the traveling kitchens and stuff themselves. The old hands, too, know how to get themselves looked after, but when recruits want a second helping they are driven away with jeers, and often enough a beating into the bargain.

The color-sergeant is a dirty bawler, always uttering threats, never a good word, always ready to use a stick, and he doesn't spare it when he gets the chance.

IN FRANCE.

Sept. 21.—Lieutenant Reinicke has got the Iron Cross. It is the triumph of this vile régime of masters and slaves.

Every morning, drill, with the usual accompaniment of abuse and threats. In itself, what is required of one at drill is not so bad, but it becomes a real torture on account of the system. Everything one does is wrong, blameworthy, and liable to punishment. Always threats of extra drill, not the slightest idea of reasonable instruction, no explanation, no practical examples, nothing but threats and annoyances.

. . . Every day we have to sing stupid songs, always the same, instead of getting them out of the "Song Book." and we go singing through the village like children.

It can't be worse in the Foreign Legion.

This morning, when we fell in, I made a wrong movement, as the sun prevented my looking to my front. Immediately the color-sergeant put me down for punishment. Afterwards the lieutenant called me up in front of the whole company and overwhelmed me with nonsense. The whole morning I was threatened, and at last was put in the rear rank. As a result of our marches in Poland many of us have sore feet. Every day the color-sergeant checks some of the lame men, threatens them, and puts them on extra fatigue. Even those who have swollen feet, of which the battalion doctor has advised them to be careful, are made to march incessantly, and if they flinch they are threatened with extra drill in the afternoon.

Sept. 27.—One gets stunted intellectually. One has no longer a single idea except to keep going physically.

Always the same longing for peace, and before my eyes the spectre of the French front close at hand, with the horrors of its artillery fire.

CHILD CONSCRIPTION

By WILLIAM C. ALLEN

EFFORTS are continually being made, covertly or boldly, to introduce child conscription into our country, with the intent of permanently fastening compulsory military drill and discipline upon our children. The following are extracts from a pamphlet called "Child Conscription—Our Country's Shame," written by John F. Hills, M. A., Glenelg, S. A., Australia. He is a leading educator in that country and writes of practical results connected with compulsory military discipline for lads in Australia. His strictures would seem to be reinforced by reading of the extraordinary riots of February 14, 1916, in the city of Sydney, when thousands of soldiers broke loose and held that city, to its shame. The unnatural system of military drill for lads does not seem to have induced the results that its ardent advocates hoped:

"Defenders of militarism keep repeating the assertion that military training, at any rate, ensures a spirit of obedience and discipline. But is that so?

"You fine, strapping area officer, looking into the eyes of that bright, tender youth whom you are instructing in the way to thrust a bayonet into a human body, does it ever occur to you what mental anguish you inflict on the finest young souls, and how you imperil weak ones by overwhelming them with that worst atheism, a crushing disbelief in human nature?

"The specific military training of boys must brutalize them, for there is constantly present the thought: 'I am going through all this prodigious preparation for the purpose of being able to kill my fellows.' The training, too, presents war in its most attractive light. . . .

Abstract right, justice, and moral courage become 'poor, mean trash,' with no influence on the march of mankind. He gets the idea that might alone settles things. He learns, too, to be boastful, vainglorious, and fond of display, for 'show-off' is the life-blood of parade.

"Hear what a former officer in the British army has to say; he is one of your 'good, hard citizens,' and no fanatic; he is known to the boy world that loves him as 'B. P.' Well, this man says in his 'Scouting for Boys' these words: 'Drill makes boys wooden.' He is referring, I take it, to the loss of individuality and initiative that ordinary military training brings about. He infers that it makes boys dull and unresourceful.

"There are the stock occupations of the parade-ground in great evidence; a few of them useful, the greater part picturesque tomfooleries; but if there is real strenuous and useful training it is to come.

"Not the least of the wrongs that the defence act inflicts on the community will be the degradation of great numbers, especially of the finer and more delicately nurtured young minds, that inevitably results from enforced companionship with the worst elements of society. A decent lad, during the training, must stand and listen to the blasphemies and obscenities, not merely of the loose lads of the district, but of the larrikin and criminally inclined ones.

"Respectable fathers, cannot I get through your com-

fortable hides with the point of my argument? You pride yourselves on being educated, decent men. Let me ask you: 'How would you like to be shut up for a fortnight in an English workhouse in a ward with larrikin tramps?' 'Not at all,' you say. Well, do you realize that in sending your young lad to a military camp you are making him liable to undergo a mental torture equally great, and a mortal risk a thousand times greater?

"Your boy, respectable father, cannot pick his mates, as at school; he must stand where ranked. Fortunately, at school the influence of the bad is reduced to a minimum, as discipline in its best sense is present, and very much present, while in play hours the better sort of boy can join his own set and associate as little as possible with the bad. But not so in this military machine for leveling down. Those whose company your son has to share are chosen for him. He is placed, generally speaking, where military requirements require that he shall be. He may have to stand at every drill between lads whose language reveals a familiarity with all forms of vice and crime.

". . . Handing the boy over to the military man shows a pitiful bankruptcy of ideas in the field of education and civics.

"Boy conscription is a farce, a pitiful semi-tragic one."

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY

PRESENTED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING AT WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 13, 1916.

Mr. President and Members of the American Peace Society:

The Directors submit herewith as the Eighty-eighth Annual Report of the work of the Society and of the general status of the peace movement throughout the United States the following:

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SECRETARY TO THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

To the Board of Directors:

The World Situation.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated in Bosnia June 28, 1914. Twenty-five days later Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia. Eight days later, namely, August 1, 1914, Germany declared war on Russia. Within one week Russia, Great Britain, France, Serbia, and Belgium were at war with Germany and Austria-Hungary. The Germans entered Liège and the French invaded southern Alsace August 7, 1914. When this Society held its annual meeting, May 7, 1915, just nine months following the entrance of the Germans into Liège and of the French invasion of southern Alsace, Japan, Portugal, Italy, and Montenegro had entered the war upon the side of the Allies, and Turkey and Bulgaria upon the side of the central powers. Today the great war rages around Verdun in the campaign of western Europe, in Galicia and Bukowina in the campaign of eastern Europe, on Austrian territory for the most part

in the Italian campaign, along the Euphrates and westward from Erzerum in Asia Minor, and in Arabia and Egypt, while British, French, and Portuguese forces are operating extensively in German East Africa. Thirteen of the world's powers are now at war.

Eighty per cent of the European populations are engaged in this war. This means over fifty-five per cent of the populations of the world. The number of killed, wounded, and prisoners now exceeds ten times that of our own Civil War. The direct cost in war loans is now nearly thirty billion dollars. The war debt of the principal nations engaged in the business is nearly sixty billion dollars. The war is now costing in round numbers one hundred million dollars a day. The interest-bearing debt of the United States at the present is about ten dollars per capita. The total debts of the nations at war will soon reach two hundred twenty dollars per capita.

The United States has tried to maintain official neutrality. We have insisted that neutral life and neutral trade should be protected at least as regards our own country. It is true that our neutral rights have been ignored by the Allies and by their opponents; that, indeed, many American lives have been lost by the action of the Central Powers. The relations between our government and the governments of the Central Powers have, because of the killing of these American citizens, upon more than one occasion approached the point of severed diplomatic relations.

It is not necessary to add that the relations between